

A recent bulletin of the census office, relating to live stock in each of the States and Territories, shows that there were on farms in the United States, June 1, 1880, 10,357,981 horses, 1,812,932 mules, 993,070 oxen, 12,443,593 milch cows, 23,488,590 other cattle, 35,191,656 sheep, and 46,683,954 swine.

Name	lbs	ozs	Name	lbs	ozs
Jack	twins, 1 yr.	16 09	Gassy, 2 yrs	10	03
Will		04	Zanippe, 2 yrs	10	03
Chester	1 year	17 04	snowball	11	11
Mollie		13	Abby	11	10
Luna	1 year	17 14	Becky	11	04
Aries, 1 yr.		15 03	Nancy	12	03
Archie, 1 yr.		18 09	Jane	12	09
Dulcinea, 1 yr.	11	12	Debby	12	08
Venus, 1 yr.		15 04	Specks	14	04
Miss May, 1 yr.	12	13	Primrose Ann	14	08
Eliza, 2 yrs		13 0	Ernestine	15	05



## The Farm.

### The Best Use of Clover.

In this country—at least in the Northern States—clover is the chief renovating crop. Others are sometimes plowed under to increase fertility; but they never produce the good effect of a well-turned clover leaf. Clover, however managed, is helpful. The farmer who sows most clover seed is presumptively a good farmer, and on the high road to success. But there are many different ways of using clover, and some of these are much more advantageous than others. Much depends on locality. At a distance from markets, some things could be done that would be inadvisable near a large city. But there are some principles everywhere applicable and important.

Clover roots are the most important part of the plant for increasing fertility. I do not understate the value of the growth of clover tops; but there are other plants which for bulk and value for their growth above the surface are equal or superior to clover, but which plowed under give far less good effects. The long roots of clover, striking down into the subsoil, bearing down air and warmth, and bringing up stores of mineral fertility, are found in no other available plant. Buckwheat and sowed corn are sometimes plowed under as green manure; but generally with disappointing results. One reason perhaps is that roots of these annuals do not penetrate the subsoil, and this in turn may explain the fact that growing crops; even to be turned under, is not properly a recuperative process. The growth turned under is only what the roots have taken from the ordinary surface soil. Clover does something more—how much more is as yet undetermined. At least the clover roots bring up fertility from the deeper subsoil which other plants could not well reach. My belief is that in some way not well known the growth of the clover, by its dense shade, or the decomposition of the elements in the soil, develops more fertility than the plant itself gets from any part of the soil.

No use of clover is the best which fails to secure the largest growth of the plant above and below the surface. For this reason the old practice of plowing under clover when in full bloom is objectionable. The growth of stem and leaves is then the largest; but by cutting it once and as close to the ground as can be fairly done with a common mower, a second growth is secured somewhat less, usually, than the first crop, but with an enormous increase in the growth of roots. At the time the clover is in full bloom the roots have scarcely begun their growth. Cutting off the top in the heat of midsummer sends the roots downward in search of moisture. The plant immediately sends up a new sprout, which, in favorable weather, will soon form a dense mat over the surface. It is from this second growth of the medium clover that the seed is obtained, though, if increasing fertility be the chief object, the second crop may be plowed under when in blossom and in time for seeding with wheat. If the field is not to be plowed until the following year, it is better to leave the second growth uncut to rot on the ground. The apparent loss of feed is more than made good by the greatly increased fertility.

Why not leave the first crop to decay on the ground where grown? This is sometimes done, but I think the practice not generally advisable. There is a long time after the first clover crop ripens until the growth ceases in the fall. If the clover is allowed to fully mature the roots die, as the plant is properly a triennial. Then the soil will inevitably fill with weeds, and the after condition of the field will offset the condition of the clovering. When the first crop of clover is cut off, the second starts so soon and makes so strong a growth as to effectually choke many kinds of weeds. A good seeding of clover is quite as helpful often in cleaning land as in making it fertile.

To do this, the seeding should never be less than one peck per acre. Clover seeds are very small, and if every one grew much less than a peck would make a seeding. But because they are small, a large proportion are sure to fail, even on well-prepared seed beds. In sowing, allowance must be made for the fact that many seeds will fall where they can not possibly make a plant. Perhaps one inch on either side would insure success; but as the seed is dropped it must lie, unless some timely rain shifts its position. The best success is in winter grain which has been harrowed in the spring. Rye is better than wheat, as it usually shades the land less, and is off a little earlier. But on moderately rich wheat ground clover will usually show a good catch it sown liberally. If too rich, so that the wheat falls down, the clover is apt to be smothered. Often, however, when the stand of clover seems very poor after harvest, if horses and other stock are kept off, the clover will grow so as to astonish everybody. The reason is, that the "catch" was on the ground all the time, but the shade of the grain had kept it down so that it could hardly be seen.

Clover should never be pastured. As there are exceptions to all rules, there may be to this, but chiefly in those places where the clover growth is thought of secondary importance. What I set out to say in the first sentence of this paragraph, is that young clover should never be pastured, and to this there are no exceptions. Young clover is so tender a plant that the trampling of hoofs, however light, will destroy or seriously injure it. At any period of its existence a man or child can not put a foot on a clover plant without injuring it. Any kind of stock will trample down and injure twice or thrice as many clover plants as it eats. Why, then, should pasturing in any way or at any season be tolerated? After the entire growth is completed, the damage is less; but usually this last growth is worth more to lie on the field as a mulch than for feed. The best use of clover requires its growth during two full seasons. More that this is of no advantage, and the field is in worse rather than better condition there-

for—the clover disappearing and June grass, Canada thistles and other weeds taking its place. I have sometimes plowed clover under the second spring, when the field was filled with red root, whose seed would mature by the time the clover was in full blossom. With the early plowing required to head off this weed, the field can be got into corn or potatoes; and if need be, seeded with wheat the same fall, and with clover the following spring, by which time little red-root would be found.—*Examiner.*

### The Potato Rot.

Dr. Byron D. Halsted, in a paper read before the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, describes the fungus which causes the potato rot as follows:

"There is probably no disease of cultivated plants that has caused so much suffering to the human family as the 'wet rot' in potatoes. This disease occurred in a most violent form in 1842, and again in 1845, when it spread over a great part of the United States, Great Britain, Ireland, portions of Central Europe, causing a partial or entire destruction of the potato crop, and with it untold amount of suffering to those people who rely largely upon the potato for their daily food.

"It has been known to botanists for thirty years that the potato rot is caused by the growth of a microscopic fungus, known to science as *Peronospora infestans*. It is a near relative of a number of parasitic fungi of the same genus, which prey upon other agricultural plants, such as the grape mildew, (*P. viticola*), lettuce mildew, (*P. gangliiformis*) etc. This fungus first manifests its presence as a frost-like covering on the under side of the foliage of the potato plant, soon causing the leaves to curl; and so rapid is its destructive work at times, that in a few hours the green and vigorous vines are changed into a brown mass of decaying vegetation. Next after the leaves, the stems are attacked, and from them the disease passes down to the tubers, where it does its greatest work of destruction.

"The fungus consists of a number of very fine threads, which grow in all directions through the tissue of the tuber, and absorbing nutriment for its growth from the tuber, it induces a decay that is rapid in its work, producing a worthless and disgusting mass of rotten vegetable matter. As a general thing, the disease is of a milder type, and only a few leaves or a few plants may at first be attacked, from which, if left alone, the rot spreads until the whole field is more or less affected.

"The rot makes its appearance from the first to the middle of August, and is always associated with rains; that which is called 'muggy' weather being most favorable for its development.

"In midsummer, the farmer should be on the watch for the brown spots on the leaves, and, as soon as found, the crop should be harvested; any delay will allow the fungus time to spread to the stems, and from them down to the tubers, and, then, should there be a damp spell, the potatoes are quite sure to rot. After digging, the potatoes should be placed in a cool and dry place, thus surrounding them with conditions the most unfavorable for the further growth of the fungus that may be already present in the substance of the tubers.

"With a knowledge of the time of year that the fungus makes its attack, it is evident that, by growing quick-ripening varieties and planting them early, the crop may be gathered before the time for the rot to come. On this account, in particular, the growing of early sorts is recommended.

"As a precaution against the propagation and spread of the fungus, the vines of all the potatoes should be gathered after digging and burned, thus destroying many millions of minute spores that would otherwise remain to cause further trouble. Any tubers that are at all affected should be thrown out, and either fed to stock or burned. The storing of one such potato may communicate the rot to the whole bin."

### Care of Grass Lands.

Farm as may—practice rotation of crops—yet there is a continual dying out of our grasses, and re-seeding the land does not permanently re-establish them—and the inquiry continually comes, why the grass does not hold its footings. The old theories attribute it to differ in conditions of the season, grubs, freezing out, dying out, and the like, and modern science says it comes from lost fertility, that constant grazing has depleted the soil, and that the plant food has migrated in the form of beef, butter, mutton, etc.

To a certain extent these specifications enter into the complete answer, but that there are other causes, no one can doubt. If a close examination of our grass lands is made, on the level lands, where the water line remains high, or close to the surface, the grass is usually found of vigorous growth and unbroken turf, for the mixture that this soil more uniformly contains keeps the growing roots alive and spreading, and continually throwing off new shoots, which more rolling land is unable to do so continuously, owing to interrupted moisture.

The time of cutting grass has much to do with the permanency. Grass, like timber, has its proper time for cutting, and the lessening of injury to the roots. Grasses that have spreading roots, like red top and its kindred varieties, are best early cut, as nature at once sets about repairing the loss with new shoots, but timothy needs to be fully developed, from the fact that its bulbous roots are also putting out new bulbs for the next crop, and to sever the stalks, cut off a large dependency for the support of this new growth, and unless conditions are exceedingly favorable, the bulb with its new offspring dies.

The value of our grass lands to produce is also largely influenced by a lack of fertility at the time of seeding down, which is usually done with some kind of grain, and by withholding this element, the wheat taking the more rapid and vigorous growth, deprives the grass root of its share, and the grass root thus held back is either frozen or burnt out as the

case may be, a matter which could have been avoided if abundant fertility had first been applied. To do this might be pointed out a score of ways, but in the main, shallow drainage, a friable, loose condition of the soil to facilitate the spreading of the grass roots, sufficient fertility mixed into the soil, limited pasturage of meadows and judicious cutting of hay, as regards time, will, as a rule, result in a good field of grass.

It is quite likely that self seeded lots, if kept enriched, come nearest to meeting the requirements, but the fact is that nature does not always produce upon the demand or of the right sorts, so that human agency is needed. Manure and moisture are the two great essentials in grass growing, and there is no reason why, if land is kept enriched, it may not be relied upon for a crop. With meadows that produce the tame grasses, like timothy and red top, enriching of some kind needs to be repeated each year. One of the most serious damages done to meadows is feeding off the aftermath early in the fall, and leaving the roots unprotected until nature kindly sends a covering of snow. Either of these kinds will stand much harder usage by the elements, but show bad treatment from the farmer very soon. If the aftermath is allowed to remain and serve as a mulch for the soil, a good benefit will be received from the crop following, more than balancing the gain from a few days feeding, and this early cutting should be resorted to, so that the roots may be enabled to cover themselves with a coating of cool green before the parching days of July, and if the season should be favorable, the aftermath could be cut with far less damage than will follow feeding it off the land.—*Maryland Farmer.*

### Agricultural Economies.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says: "The profit of the future is to come in avoidance of wastes of the farm. As the country grows older, land dearer and immigration heavier, competition waxes fiercer in all agricultural production. A ruinous share of the hay is lost first in cutting when ripened to woodiness or dried to hardened stems; then in giving it out to sustain life and animal heat rather than for fat and flesh. Corn is also thrown away by insufficient or injudicious feeding. There is enormous loss in keeping a poor cow that yields 800 gallons of milk per annum instead of one that produces 600 at about the same cost. One may bring the owner in debt, while the other affords a handsome profit on expense of keep. A cow that gives milk only from April to November, and runs dry when forage is costly and milk is dear, should have a few months' extra feeding, and go to the butcher as soon as possible. That a cow is dry for more than six weeks is the fault of the owner in not procuring 'the survival of the fittest,' and again perhaps in not supplying ample and succulent food at all seasons, while the milk habit of the young cow is forming. The loss in milk and meat by irregular feeding and a change from fresh pastures to a straw stack and coarse hay during an inclement season, is an irreparable waste which is projected into the succeeding summer without regard to the abundance of its pasturage.

"The losses from negligence, or want of skill, in the preparation for market, the manipulation or manufacture from raw material, is enormous. Milk of the same quality, of the same cost, makes butter at 15 cents and at half a dollar per pound. Mixed fruits sold in market at half the value of assorted samples neatly put up. The pig products of a famous Massachusetts farm are disposed of in New York City at 25 cents per pound, while similar goods from the average farm command but 13 cents. Skill, taste, neatness and a well earned reputation for reliable excellence get the highest rewards—give better dividends than the capital and labor represented in the product on which they are expended. There is solid money in these intangible valuables. But the wastes that may be avoided are numerous in every department of agricultural practice, and cannot be hinted at in a paragraph. They are illustrated in the differing costs and selling prices of the products of adjoining farms in every neighborhood of the land."

### How Tennesseans Fight the Army Worm.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, writing from Tennessee, gives the method by which residents there subdue the army worm:

"The army worm originates in old meadow lands more particularly, and where there are no meadows in a neighborhood, I hear of no worms. They travel from the meadows to the wheat, oats, rye, barley and corn. If the wheat, rye and barley are past the bloom, and making the grain, when attacked by the worm, the grain is often benefitted by being stripped of the blades that are injured. Oats, if attacked, are generally ruined—so is the corn; both being very tender plants, the worms go for them heavily. I will describe the worm for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with him.

"He is bald headed, well formed, black body, with two rather yellow than white strips a head to tail. When full grown it is a fourth less in size than a common peacock, and when ready to deposit his spawn is rather yellow, and is very clumsy or slow, but in almost constant motion and very hungry, eating rapidly until he disappears. Where he goes, I do not know; he simply goes out of sight. I find no holes that he goes into, and I do not find him dead on the ground. Where does he go to? I walked the ditch two hours this evening, and the foregoing is the best description I can give you. He is, I might say, rather an innocent looking creature, and has not the hideous look of the cut and measuring worms.

"The force upon my farm have been giving him battle for four or five days. First, between my wheat fields and meadows, and corn field and meadows, we ditched, throwing the earth on the meadow side, and making the side next the wheat or corn slanting under, so that when

the worms come into the ditch, which they do by the thousands and millions, they attempt to crawl out on the corn and wheat side and fall back, and when collected in the ditch, we hitch a mule or horse to a small log of wood and draw it up and down the ditch and mash the army to death; in this way millions are slaughtered. With a little care, they never pass the ditch, and the wheat, corn and oats are safe. As I before stated, they never originate in the wheat or corn field, unless the wheat has been sown on an old meadow. But if they do get into the wheat, then there is only one mode of fighting them, and that is by the old Virginia mode. The worms crawl up the stalks and strip the blades off up to the head, if you will stand idly by and permit them to do so. To prevent this is almost too simple and cheap to relate. The worm is very clumsy, and the least shock precipitates him to the ground, and while there, he does little or no damage. Take a rope from 50 to 100 feet in length, and weight it in the middle and put a man or boy to each end of it, opposite each other, and let them pass the rope over the field once a day so long as the worm lives (which is usually ten days), and you will save the field from injury. The few fellows are never able to make a second trip up the stalk; one trip with the rope is sufficient for that crop. A repetition of this operation once a day for about ten days will save the crop; and it is easier and cheaper than ditching. I have succeeded in keeping them so far out of my wheat, so I have no occasion to use the rope practice, but others are using it daily, including Sunday, and report success."

### Care of Brood Sows.

The care the farmers in Iowa and the Northwest take of their brood sows during 40 days, will determine largely their own good or ill-fortune for the next year, and also the price laboring men the world over shall pay for food. There is every encouragement to take the utmost care, as the price is at present high, the supply on hand small, the probability great that they will be matured on cheap food and bring a fair if not a high price. A litter of pigs lost through a little neglect, is from \$50 to \$100 lost to the next fall. The first six weeks of a pig's life is the critical period. Whatever other business there may be on hand the young pig must not be neglected. The first danger is that of being crushed by its dam. To avoid this, if she is in a breeding pen, allow her a very small amount of bedding and have a pole around the inside of the pen six inches from the wall. The next danger is being devoured by the dam, this arises from a morbid appetite caused by improper care and a too exclusive diet on one kind of food before farrowing. So long as brood sows are fed exclusively on corn, there will be trouble of this kind. Next is the danger of feeding the dam on too rich diet, thus giving a food to the pig overloaded with cream. A brood sow for two or three days after farrowing requires nothing but gruel. Afterwards, corn with slops, with food of lighter and less heating character. Another great danger lies in want of sunlight and exercise. Breeding pens which do not provide for sunlight and shelter from cold rains are a failure. The most effective way to starve a pig is to keep it out of the sun. For summer diet give soaked corn and grass with refuse milk. By all means soak the corn. To feed it otherwise is a waste. The best way we have found when the number is limited is to use a kerosene or oil barrel, first moisten the corn until it swells, then fill the barrel up with cold water; this retards fermentation until it can be fed out.—*Henry Wallace, in Iowa Homestead.*

### The Original Home of the Horse.

There is no doubt that the original home of the horse is not Europe, but Central Asia; for since the horse in its natural state depends upon grass for its nourishment and fleetness for its weapon, it could not in the beginning have thriven and multiplied in the thick, forest-grown territory of Europe. Much rather should its place of propagation be sought in those steppes where it still roams about in its wild state. Here, too, arose the first nation of riders of which we have any historic knowledge, the Mongolians and the Turks, whose existence even at this day is as it were combined with that of the horse. From these regions the horse spread in all directions, especially into the steppes of Southern and Southeastern Russia and into Thrace, until it finally found entrance into the other parts of Europe, but not until after the immigration of the people.

This assumption is, at least, strongly favored by the fact that the farther a district of Europe is from those Asiatic steppes—the later does the tamed horse seem to have made his historic appearance. The supposition is further confirmed by the fact that horses racing among almost every tribe appears as an art derived from neighboring tribes in the East and Northeast. Even in Homer the ox appears exclusively as the draught animal in land operations at home and in the field, while the horse was used for purposes of war only. Its employment in military operations was determined by swiftness alone. That the value of the horse must originally have depended on its fleetness can easily be inferred from the name, which is repeated in all the branches of the Indo-European language and signifies nearly "hastening," "quick." The same fact is exemplified by the descriptions of the oldest poets, who, next to its courage, speak most of its swiftness.—*Popular Science Monthly for June.*

### Agricultural Items.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Iowa Farmer* says he breaks up his pasture land with sheep. He turns a large flock of sheep upon the ground, and in two years they will pasture it so closely that the roots of the grass will be dead, and the soil can be plowed with the utmost ease.

G. W. HOFFMAN, of the Elmira Farmers' Club, says that it is impossible to secure a good tight roof without a suitable foundation to build on. There is no way of repairing an old, worn, shingled roof by the ap-

plication of any mixture that simply coats the worn material.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Dairyman* says that it will not be possible to make more than three-fifths to two-thirds as much cheese this season as last, in some of the large cheese-producing sections, owing to the winter killing of the pastures. He says rains will not help the grass, as it is killed out; not merely injured, but exterminated.

If you wish to use hay caps put the hay up in cocks of 300 to 300 pounds each, and make caps about six feet square, of heavy sheeting. Fasten a string, with a loop in it, to each corner of the cap. Use pins made of strips of shingle about one and a half inches wide, with a notch in the thick end and the other end sharpened. Pin the caps down tight, and they will protect the hay through a storm that will blow down rain fences.

GREAT landed estates do not remain long in the same families in this country. This fact is illustrated in the history of California. Thirty years ago a few individuals owned vast tracts of land, but with a few exceptions these great proprietors have died poor. John A. Sutter, who died a pensioner on the Government, once owned about 50,000 acres, including the site of the city of Sacramento. In 1850 there were only 872 farms in California; by the last census there were 35,994.

THE importation of potatoes, beans and cabbages from Europe and Great Britain to the United States has amounted to over a million and a half of dollars, to be paid in gold. When it comes to this, that the United States is a market for foreign beans, cabbages, potatoes and onions, it would seem that it is high time for farmers to wake up to their opportunities for furnishing our markets with such products as those above named. What will become of Boston's baked bean reputation if we must depend upon France, Italy and Germany for beans? To say nothing of looking to Ireland for potatoes.—*Boston Traveler.*

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For Stock Feed and Meal for Family use. 100,000 IN USE. Write for Circular. Simpson & Ganit Mill Co. Successors to STANLEY MILL CO. CINCINNATI, O. j6-13-13t

## STATE OF MICHIGAN—Third Judicial Circuit, in Chancery.

But pending the hearing of the case of Annie Hoops, complainant, and Charles Hoops, defendant, in the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, in Chancery, at Detroit, on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1882. It appearing from the affidavit of Annie Hoops, the complainant in this case, that the defendant, Charles Hoops, is not a resident of the State of Michigan but is a resident of the State of Illinois, on motion of Hawley & Howard, solicitors for the complainant, it is ordered that a *subpoena* be issued to the defendant, Charles Hoops, to appear in person or by counsel at the Court house in the City of Detroit, Michigan, on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to answer to the complaint of the complainant, and to show cause why he should not be held to answer to the complaint of the complainant. In testimony whereof, the seal of the Court is hereunto set, and the Clerk of the Court is directed to issue this *subpoena* to the defendant, Charles Hoops, and to deliver it to the Sheriff of the County of Wayne, Michigan, to be by him served on the defendant, Charles Hoops, at his last known place of abode, and to return to the Court house in the City of Detroit, Michigan, on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, a certificate of the service of this *subpoena* on the defendant, Charles Hoops, and to deliver it to the Clerk of the Court, who is directed to file it in the records of the Court. Witness my hand and the seal of the Court, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1882, at Detroit, Michigan.

JOHN WEBSTER, Mortgagor.

ALFRED E. HAYES, Attorney for Mortgagor. Dated, Detroit, April 11th, 1882.

## STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.



[illegible]



## MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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will confer a favor by having their letters register

and, or procuring a money order, otherwise we can

not be responsible for the money.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1882.

Mr. P. W. RYAN is the authorized sub-

scription agent of the MICHIGAN FARMER,

and parties can pay money to him at our

risk.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market

the past week have been 48,849 bu., while

the shipments were 74,906 bu. The visible

supply of this grain on June 10 was

10,667,797 bu. against 17,220,573 bu. at the

corresponding date in 1881. This shows

an increase in the amount in sight the

previous week of 510,118 bu. The exports

to Europe for the week ending June 10

were 574,220 bu., against 502,730 bu. the

previous week, and for the past eight weeks

they were 3,905,341 bu., against 15,599,870

bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in

1881. The stocks of wheat in this city on

Saturday amounted to 65,321 bu., against

294,940 bu. at the same date last year.

With a broken week and more favor-

able weather the course of the market

the past week has been downward. On Mon-

day last week the market closed with

No. 1 white at \$1.29, and No. 2 red at

\$1.37. Wednesday No. 1 white reached

\$1.31 and No. 2 red had declined to \$1.30.

Thursday was observed as a holiday at the

Board, and on Friday there was a dragging

market that ended with No. 1 white drop-

ping to \$1.27, a loss of 3c per bu., and

No. 2 red went down to \$1.29, a loss of

7c per bu. On Saturday the market was

quiet and without any features of interest,

closing at about Friday's prices.

Yesterday, in sympathy with Chicago,

there was a general advance in both spot

and futures. The "bears" assert that

the advance is purely speculative, and

will not last, as there is nothing to warrant

it.

The following table exhibits the daily

closing prices of wheat from June 1 to

to June 19:

	White No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
June 1	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
2	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
3	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
4	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
5	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
6	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
7	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
8	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
9	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
10	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
11	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
12	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
13	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
14	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
15	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
16	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
17	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
18	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24
19	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24

The decline in futures has been propor-

tionate to that on cash wheat, with but

very limited sales in any of the

deals. Speculation is very light at present,

and until the new crop is secured there

will not be much disposition to invest in

chances. The following gives the closing

prices each day for the week ending yester-

day:

	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24	1.22
Wednesday	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24	1.22
Thursday	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24	1.22
Friday	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24	1.22
Saturday	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24	1.22
Sunday	1.30	1.28	1.26	1.24	1.22

In regard to the outlook in the winter

wheat States we take the following from

the circular of a Chicago manufacturer,

compiled from reports of his agents:

"Present prospects point to a bountiful

harvest of winter wheat, which may be

regarded as now almost assured. Har-

vest is now progressing northward,

and with favorable weather will be in full

blast the last ten days of this month.

Michigan reports comparatively little dam-

age, and our correspondents' estimates in-

dicate a crop of nearly 30,000,000 bu.

Ohio has suffered more damage than any

other leading winter wheat growing State.

From returns thus received we think the

State will yield 20,000,000 to 35,000,000

bu. Although Indiana has suffered more

from the same cause as Ohio the damage

is much less, and our reports indicate a

crop of upward of 40,000,000 bu. It returns

from Illinois indicate a yield of 45,000,-

000 bu. and upwards. Public belief is that

the State will harvest a crop now nearly

equal to that of 1880. Missouri bids fair

to turn out a crop of over 30,000,000 bu.,

and Kansas with a largely decreased acre-

age, will probably have 25,000,000. It

appears, in the opinion of our correspond-

ents, that with good weather for harvest

these States will turn out upwards of 300,-

000,000 bu. of winter wheat this year, as

compared with their estimates of about

130,000,000 bu. in 1881. Our reports give

estimates of liberal yield of all kinds of

small grain growing in these States."

The following table gives the prices of

breadstuffs in the Liverpool market on

Saturday last, as compared with those of

one week previous:

	June 10	June 17	per cent.
Flour, extra State	1.36	1.34	1.5
Wheat, No. 1 white	1.36	1.34	1.5
do No. 2 white	1.34	1.32	1.5
do No. 3 white	1.32	1.30	1.5
do No. 4 white	1.30	1.28	1.5
do No. 5 white	1.28	1.26	1.5
do No. 6 white	1.26	1.24	1.5
do No. 7 white	1.24	1.22	1.5
do No. 8 white	1.22	1.20	1.5
do No. 9 white	1.20	1.18	1.5
do No. 10 white	1.18	1.16	1.5
do No. 11 white	1.16	1.14	1.5
do No. 12 white	1.14	1.12	1.5
do No. 13 white	1.12	1.10	1.5
do No. 14 white	1.10	1.08	1.5
do No. 15 white	1.08	1.06	1.5
do No. 16 white	1.06	1.04	1.5
do No. 17 white	1.04	1.02	1.5
do No. 18 white	1.02	1.00	1.5
do No. 19 white	1.00	0.98	1.5
do No. 20 white	0.98	0.96	1.5
do No. 21 white	0.96	0.94	1.5
do No. 22 white	0.94	0.92	1.5
do No. 23 white	0.92	0.90	1.5
do No. 24 white	0.90	0.88	1.5
do No. 25 white	0.88	0.86	1.5
do No. 26 white	0.86	0.84	1.5
do No. 27 white	0.84	0.82	1.5
do No. 28 white	0.82	0.80	1.5
do No. 29 white	0.80	0.78	1.5
do No. 30 white	0.78	0.76	1.5
do No. 31 white	0.76	0.74	1.5
do No. 32 white	0.74	0.72	1.5
do No. 33 white	0.72	0.70	1.5
do No. 34 white	0.70	0.68	1.5
do No. 35 white	0.68	0.66	1.5
do No. 36 white	0.66	0.64	1.5
do No. 37 white	0.64	0.62	1.5
do No. 38 white	0.62	0.60	1.5
do No. 39 white	0.60	0.58	1.5
do No. 40 white	0.58	0.56	1.5
do No. 41 white	0.56	0.54	1.5
do No. 42 white	0.54	0.52	1.5
do No. 43 white	0.52	0.50	1.5
do No. 44 white	0.50	0.48	1.5
do No. 45 white	0.48	0.46	1.5
do No. 46 white	0.46	0.44	1.5
do No. 47 white	0.44	0.42	1.5
do No. 48 white	0.42	0.40	1.5
do No. 49 white	0.40	0.38	1.5
do No. 50 white	0.38	0.36	1.5
do No. 51 white	0.36	0.34	1.5
do No. 52 white	0.34	0.32	1.5
do No. 53 white	0.32	0.30	1.5
do No. 54 white	0.30	0.28	1.5
do No. 55 white	0.28	0.26	1.5
do No. 56 white	0.26	0.24	1.5
do No. 57 white	0.24	0.22	1.5
do No. 58 white	0.22	0.20	1.5
do No. 59 white	0.20	0.18	1.5
do No. 60 white	0.18	0.16	1.5
do No. 61 white	0.16	0.14	1.5
do No. 62 white	0.14	0.12	1.5
do No. 63 white	0.12	0.10	1.5
do No. 64 white	0.10	0.08	1.5
do No. 65 white	0.08	0.06	1.5
do No. 66 white	0.06	0.04	1.5
do No. 67 white	0.04	0.02	1.5
do No. 68 white	0.02	0.00	1.5
do No. 69 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 70 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 71 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 72 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 73 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 74 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 75 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 76 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 77 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 78 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 79 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 80 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 81 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 82 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 83 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 84 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 85 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 86 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 87 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 88 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 89 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 90 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 91 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 92 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 93 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 94 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 95 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 96 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 97 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 98 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 99 white	0.00	0.00	1.5
do No. 100 white	0.00	0.00	1.5

The receipts of corn here the past week

amounted to 42,964 bu., and the shipments

were 4,350 bu. The visible supply in the

country on June 10 amounted to 10,-

369,541 bu., against 11,522,298 bu. at the

same date last year. The export clearances

for Europe the past eight weeks were 1,-

765,694 bu., against 11,522,298 bu. for the

corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The

visible supply shows an increase during the

week of 325,550 bu. The stocks now held

in this city amount to 23,300 bu., against

7,013 bu. at the corresponding date last

year. The market has been rather sluggish

the past week, and prices have declined

somewhat since our last report. No. 2

corn is selling at 75c for spot, or 75c per

bu. for June delivery. The decline is

more the result of increased receipts with

a slackened demand than from any im-

provement in the position of the growing

crop. Still the weather the past week has

been "corn weather," and a long continu-

ance of it would materially change the out-

look. The Chicago market has also

declined during the week, and closed

Saturday with spot No. 2 at 69c to 69c

per bu. For future delivery quotations

were 69c to 69c for June, 70c to 70c for

July, and 70c for August. The Liverpool

market is dull and lower, with old mixed

corn, noted at 14d. 14d. per cental.

Oats were received here the past week

to the amount of 14,330 bu., and the ship-

ments were 2,350 bu. The visible supply

of this grain in the country on June 10

was 2,017,617 bu. against 6,382,463 bu. at

the corresponding date last year. The

stocks held in store here on Saturday

were 10,193 bu., against 30,365 bu. at the

corresponding date in 1881. Although the

demand has been slow, prices have been

maintained at nearly the same range as

noted a week ago. Latest reported sales

were at 57c for No. 2 white, and 56c

per bu. for No. 1 mixed. Prices are held up

by the light stocks, as the prospects for

this grain are much more favorable than

for corn. In Chicago there has also been

a slight decline, and the market is reported

unsettled at 50c per bu. for No. 2 mixed,

50c for June delivery, 44c for July, and

33c for August. The outlook for the oat

crop is quite promising throughout the

northwest, the damp, cold weather which

has so retarded corn being favorable for

oats.







## Poetry.

ANNIE LAURIE.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches gurgling.  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.  
The dark Rodan, with silent scoff,  
Looked grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.  
There was a pause. The guardsman said,  
"We storm the fort to-morrow;  
Sing while we may; another day  
Will bring its weight of sorrow."  
They lay along the battery's side,  
Beneath the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.  
They sang of love, and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory,  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."  
Voice after voice took up the song,  
Till its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, full and strong—  
Their battle-axe confession.  
Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak;  
For her singer, dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who once sang "Annie Laurie."  
Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest  
Your truth and valor leading;  
The bravest are the tenderest;  
The loving are the daring!  
—Bayard Taylor.

MAY AND JUNE.

May is the Puritan maiden,  
So shy as to be rude,  
Reserved, and a bit disdainful,  
In silken green snood.  
But who is this now beside her,  
With voice in perfect tone,  
A face like a dream of angels,  
A loveliness like June?  
I tried to love the maiden May,  
But loving June was more;  
Good-bye to May, once more we part,  
Sweet June my love shall be!  
—Transcript.

ALWAYS ONE VACANT CHAIR.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
One dead lamb lies there;  
There is no freedom, however defended,  
But has one vacant chair.  
The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.  
Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.  
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,  
Aid these our earthly damp,  
What seems to us but sad, funeral tapers,  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.  
There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian  
Whose portal we call death.  
—Longfellow.

## Miscellaneous.

## NAUGHTY ALICE.

A TALE OF ENGLISH SMUGGLING DAYS.

The old days of smuggling went out with protection, and the once capital of offence has diminished into one of comparatively little importance.  
But it was not so in our grandfathers' days, and in many a sea-coast ale-house, and by many a fisherman's fireside, tales are told of deadly encounters, daring deeds, and crafty schemes in which the old free traders, as they were called, and the custom-house officers, were the chief actors.

To one of these old stories we now invite our readers. To begin with, the time was one when successive wars had closed against us the Continental markets, making foreign goods excessively rare and costly in this country, and it was when smuggling was "felony" without benefit of clergy. The place was on the Hampshire coast, nearly midway between Southampton and Christ Church, a quiet cove, well known to the runners of illicit cargoes.

"Whist! whist!" said a low voice through the sweet-brier hedge which inclosed a neat white cottage on the confines of the New Forest, as a fair girl with a basket on her arm came tripping along the road which led to the village. "Whist, Alice! John Barker came ashore last night. He has landed all his cargo, and he's going to sup with father to-night to settle his accounts, and to tell him how he can 'run' the brandy when the Saucy Sally comes in."

"Barker may sup where he pleases for all me," said Alice, in an accent of coquettish pique that was more than half assumed; "and I beg, Mary, that you will not mention my name to him."  
"Pooh! nonsense," laughed Mary, "why Barker has brought home a shawl and a pair of earrings for somebody or other (you know best who it is), and I have got them to take care of. You must not bear malice so long against him for dancing with Mary Davis. If Barker loved me—"

"I dare say he does," retorted Alice; "I believe he'll love all the girls in the village in turn, from Miss Wilnot, at the great house, to humpbacked Susan, the knife-grinder's daughter, not to mention all the sweethearts he may have got over the sea."

"Now you know you don't believe one word of what you're saying!" exclaimed Mary.  
"Not you know you don't, Alice!" said a subdued but mainly voice; and the angry beauty started, and blushed, and smiled, and frowned, nearly all at once, as she turned in the direction whence the sounds came, and saw John Barker.

He was a fine young fellow, with that peculiarly ingenious swagger and careless foppiness so characteristic of the class of

men to which he belonged; his bright and merry eye, and his singularly fine teeth, gave an air of animation to his countenance, while his manly look and sun-burnt brow completed the picture of a very good specimen of the half-rustic, half-marine beau.

The two girls looked for a moment confused and flurried, but Alice instantly resumed her pretty pout, and Mary's blush gave way to an arch smile as she glanced at her companion.

"And so you are going to send me on a cruise through the village—eh, Alice?" said the intruder, "and part of the time in an ill-built craft that would disgrace a Jack-Frenchman? Well, well! many a safe voyage has been made in an ugly vessel, and if so be she stands a storm better than tighter-trimmed ship, why perhaps 'tis better for her owner in the long run; but as for the outlandish vessels you say I've taken in tow, why, as sure as my name's Barker—and I think you won't dispute that—I wouldn't trust a cargo in any one of them, though I knew I was sure to 'run' it the instant I got into port, without one grip from the sharks. No, no; give me a bit of British oak and I'll stand by to the last; but I wouldn't venture my neck in a foreign craft if her hold were full of tea and brandy, and I was made her skipper and owner the instant I stepped aboard. No!"

"Aye, it is all mighty fine talking," said the girl.  
"Come, come, Alice," said the smuggler, "remember I've been afloat since I was at the fair with Mary Davis; and you were angry enough, in all conscience, when we parted. I thought of your last look when we were in a squall off Cuxhaven, and—no you need not be in a fuss, I'm not going to swear—and, hang me! if I don't think the storm was the pleasantest of the two."

"I dare say you did," assented his sweet-heart.

"Well, all I can say is, and I'll be hanged if it isn't the truth. I've never thought of Mary Davis since I went out of port, except once, when I was going ashore in the boat, and happened to catch a sight as I passed under the bow of the craft, of the red nose on her figure head; and I've called her the Mary Davis ever since."  
"For shame, Barker!" laughed both the girls at once.

"But where are you bound for now, Alice? Can't you cast anchor here, close beside Mary? You know I shall be off again as soon as the Fly-by-Night is re-visited."

"Ah, yours is a sad life, John," said Alice, and more kindly than she had yet spoken.

"Why, as to that—but come in, girls, come. I want to show you part of my cargo," and, taking Alice's basket from her arm, he half led, half dragged her into the cottage.

When they entered the large, square, stone-floored room, which served Alice for kitchen and parlor, the light-hearted smuggler drew from a chest, which stood in one corner, the foreign shawl mentioned by Mary. With the usual thoughtless profusion of a sailor, Barker had looked rather to the cost than to the consistency of his present; and the blue eyes of the reticent Alice sparkled with delight as he threw it over her shoulders.

"I wonder what Mary Davis will say to this?" burst involuntarily from her lips.  
"Say to it!" echoed Barker, "why she'll say that a tighter craft never spread a new sail; and that the hand that shook out the reefs in it wouldn't set a rag of canvas for her, if he saw her standing before a fair wind under bare poles—that's what she'll say, if she speaks the truth."

"Poor Mary Davis! I'm sure her cheeks must burn," said Mary simply.

"Do you know that I've got a new lover, John Barker?" smiled Alice, as she glanced at the smuggler. "Aye, and one that's steady and sober, and well-to-do in the world; none of your fly-by-night sail water, here to-day and away to-morrow people. Mary will tell you that I may be made a great lady of, if I've the will to be one."

For the first time the bright eye of Barker clouded, but only for an instant; he soon assumed his good humor and laughingly demanded the name and calling of his new rival.

"Old John Jarvis, the Revenue officer!" exclaimed the girls simultaneously, with a loud burst of merriment, in which the young smuggler joined. "He has been at my father's three times last week," continued Alice. "The first time he sat down on the hair trunk under the clock, on seven cases of cigars. The second time he took a place on my mother's easy chair, and leaned back against three pieces of Lyons silk and twelve lengths of Valenciennes lace, and the third time he stood talking against the oven door, when it was full of brandy and tobacco."

Another burst of laughter terminated the speech. Suddenly Barker became grave, very grave, as though some thought had struck him, and he asked anxiously: "Have you bid the land-shark clear out of port, Alice, or hasn't he shown his colors yet?"

"I've been careful not to let him speak out," replied the conscious beauty, "for father had the house full of goods, and we've been afraid of affronting him or else—"

"Then all's right," said Barker, rubbing his hands joyously, "all's right; and we save every keg in the Saucy Sally."

"Why, what has Master Jarvis' love for Alice got to do with the Saucy Sally?" asked Mary.

Barker looked provokingly mysterious. Just at this moment the heavy tread of Mary's father was heard in the little garden, and in a moment after he entered the cottage.

"We must keep a sharp lookout aloft, Barker," said the old smuggler, as soon as he had closed the door; "the Saucy Sally is off the point, and she's shown her signal. She's square-rigged this trip, and has mounted a yellow ribbon; but it's her, safe enough."

seventy-four has teeth, we can close all his port-holes," said Barker confidently. "You're a fine fellow, Jack; but I'm afraid you're on the wrong tack there—"

"Well, well, give her a fair breeze, and I'll shake out my mainsail," was the confident reply. "When d'ye think she'll bring to?"

"Some time to-night; but there's such a moon that we might as well expect to run the stuff by candlelight!"

"Bear a hand with the supper, Mary," said Barker, "we must be all hands on deck by the second watch; and while Mary is serving out the mess, you come home with me, Alice, and hang out a smarter pennant. You won't be five minutes rigging, and we shall be back in time."

The old man only smiled as the lovers left the cottage, and bade his daughter hasten the supper, and accordingly Mary moved briskly about the apartment making the necessary preparations. In a short while Alice and Barker returned, and there was a roguish sparkle in the eye of the girl and a quiet humor in that of her companion which did not fail to awaken the curiosity of the young hostess. A significant glance from Alice toward the father of Mary succeeded in suppressing the question which was rising to her lips, and in haste and almost silence they partook of the homely but substantial fare which was spread on the cottage table.

During the meal Mary, with true feminine quick-sightedness, did not fail to remark that, short as the absence of her friend had been, she had nevertheless found time to rearrange the long, bright curls which clustered round her forehead and to put on a clean apron and neckerchief. As soon as the supper was over the two men rose and left the cottage, Barker, as he did so, giving a significant glance at Alice, and saying, half gaily and half emphatically:

"Remember! Leave the bolt undrawn, and listen for the three knocks."

Alice nodded a smiling answer, and the girls were left alone.

"Mary," said her companion, as soon as she heard the garden wicket fall back, "in half an hour we shall have a visitor. I could not invite him to my own house, for as I have no one with me but my sick mother, who can not come out of her room, it would not have been womanly; particularly as he is a lover."

"A lover, Alice?"  
"Yes, Mary," said the girl, looking down and affecting to blush, "the truth must be told, a lover; no other than Mr. John Jarvis. He is a King's officer you know, and he is the means of saving my father many a bale of goods."

"You must be joking, Alice," said Mary, in a tone which proved she was to the full as indignant as she was surprised; "you never would behave so ill to John Barker."

"Well, Mary," replied her companion, "I promise never to bring him here again; only don't be angry with me this once."

And so saying, to Mary's astonishment, without waiting for a reply, she opened the door in the rear of the house, and after looking up at the moon a couple of seconds, closed the door after her, and sat down beside the fire.

In less than half an hour a knock at the door announced the arrival of Jarvis, and Alice uttered a "Come in" in her most courteous tones; he entered with a simper of self-gratulation on his lips, and turned his lack-luster eyes on Alice.

In sooth, however quick those eyes might be in discovering a smuggler, it was evident they were not brilliant enough to win a lady's heart. He was a corpulent, elderly man, with red worn night-cap and foot-boots; quite conscious of his importance as a King's officer, and no whit modest on the subject of his personal attractions. Mary was lost in amazement at the half-kind, half-coquettish manner in which her hitherto prudent friend and companion at once encouraged and repelled the attentions of the enamored revenue officer. Now she saw a blush gather on her brow, and now a smile, half-joyous, half-mischievous, settle on her lip. Twice Jarvis rose to go; and in truth, Mary thought it was time, for it was getting very late, and she heartily wished the corpulent suppressor of contraband trade safe at home; but to her amazement and positive displeasure Alice pressed him to stay "a little—only a little longer," so earnestly and so tenderly, that he must have been much less of the lover than he really was had he not complied.

Mary, who had been silent and gloomy, began to feel uneasy; she knew that her father would be very angry should he return and find their guest still with them, added to which she was anxious to learn how affairs were going on out of doors, and it was impossible for her to obtain any information while the revenue officer was in the house.

She had just made up her mind to explain to Jarvis that she could not suffer him to remain longer, and she was more strongly urged to this resolution by seeing the coquettish manner in which Alice was evading a reply to his question of whether she would receive him as her suitor, seeming to comply by her smiles and yet delaying to comply in words, when she fancied she heard some one stealthily enter the house by the door opening on the garden.

She sprang to her feet with a startled look. A fear of the consequences which might result to her father and his associates from the presence of Jarvis made her heart cease to beat.

She leaned slightly forward to listen more attentively, every nerve and feeling alive to the fearfulness of the situation, when three distinct knocks fell upon the door, as if given by a heavy hand. Ere she could guess the meaning of these singular and unexpected sounds, Alice started from her seat, and folded her hands demurely across her chest, dropped an elaborate courtesy to her bewildered lover, and said with a stifled laugh:

"You may go home now, Mr. Jarvis, and exchange your red night-cap for a white one; for the Saucy Sally has 'run' her cargo."

To attempt an adequate description of the rage of Jarvis were vain indeed! He kicked over the stool from which Mary had just risen, and with clenched

hands, and with eyes which did, for once, flash, he cursed all smugglers in general, and the Saucy Sally in particular. Nay, I am not sure that the rose-lipped, fair-haired Alice did not come in for a share of the maledictions which he so liberally dealt forth.

Meanwhile the girls stood close together on the other side of the wide fire-place, enjoying with suppressed merriment, his violent and ungovernable passion. After a few moments spent in storming at his ill luck and at Alice's craftiness he started from his seat and rushed out of the cottage. As the baffled revenue officer disappeared through the door John Barker sprang into the room by the other, and running up to Alice bestowed on her a hearty kiss, as he exclaimed, "Bravely done, bravely done, my lily-browed ship-mate! by-jingo! it was all the cargo we landed to get a glimpse of that land-shark when he found that he had let a victualled craft pass him by, and had been swimming in the wake of an empty hulk."

"Bravely done, indeed," said Mary; "but why was I not in the secret?"

"Because," said Alice, "you would have looked too happy and conscious, or else you would have got frightened and spoiled all. Beside, Mary," and she blushed crimson, "you hate deceit, and one hypocrite was enough. Barker had seen Jarvis walking in front of our cottage, so he knew that I was sure to meet him, and that he would be sure on his side to tease me as usual to let him spend an hour with me. I was afraid of flurrying mother, as she's not too well, and so I told him to come here, and now you know all."

"And so I," said the old smuggler, as he entered with a broad grin on his face, "for Jack put me on the right track as we bore down on the craft. You're a brave girl, Alice, and deserve to have a free-trader for a husband, and the sooner the better. Only let me know when you and Jack are to set sail together, and I'll give you a wedding-gown out of whichever of the bales you like best that we've landed from the Saucy Sally."

## Oyster-Raising in Michigan.

Half way from the great Saginaw salt wells and Mackinaw City we passed through the upper part of Roscommon County. The county is too wild and unsettled to have a county seat, and the two stations in it are simply two great lumber camps. The population of the county is made up of hard-working lumbermen and three or four rich sawmill owners. Six miles from the station, after riding through a pine wilderness, I came to Rich Powell's house—perhaps the only nice house within ten miles.

"I came over," I said to Mr. Powell, "to see if it is true that you are raising oysters here in Michigan."

"Then you've heard about it, have you? Well, I guess you've struck the truth this time. I have an oyster bed in No-Mouth Lake, and they seem to be doing well. I'll take one of the boys, if you say so, and we'll drag out some oysters and show you."

No-Mouth Lake, I should say, was 100 rods long and 60 rods wide. It is deep at one end—I suppose 60 feet—while at the other it is shallow, with a gravel and sand bottom. One peculiarity about the lake is that it has no outlet. Two brooks run into it; but the water either soaks into the sand or evaporates. Its depth never changes. The whole county of Roscommon is situated on a divide. From the east side the waters run west into Lake Michigan; from the south side they run southward toward Saginaw Bay, and from the north side they run toward Grand Traverse. The county is on the summit.

Mr. Powell and the men rowed out about 20 feet from the shore, at the mouth of one of the brooks, in water about five feet deep, and dragged up some oysters. They were as good-looking oysters as I had ever seen in Oyster Bay or along the Shrewsbury river. They were fat and healthful. Noticing the water was salt, I was filled with wonder.

"How came the water salt?" I asked. "It is just as it is at the mouth of Shrewsbury river."

"Well, oysters won't live in fresh water, will they?" asked Mr. Powell smiling. "They say the ocean gets its salt from the codfish; but this lake did not take its salt from the oysters."

"Where did it come from?" I asked. "Well, I'll tell you the history of my oyster-raising in the center of Michigan. I used to live at South Oyster Bay, on Long Island. We always used to plant the oysters at the mouths of the fresh water streams, where they ran into the bay. An oyster wants half fresh and half salt water. Now, I found I had a lake with no outlet. That is, if there is an outlet, it is through the sandy bottom. Now, salt won't run through sand. I knew this because we had a well at South Oyster Bay in the sand 12 feet from the salt water, but it was always fresh. So, I said, if I put salt into this lake it will stay there. I can make it just like Oyster Bay and keep it so. My cars, taking lumber to Saginaw, had to come back empty. Salt costs nothing but the pumping in. Saginaw is so I shipped back 50 car loads of salt and put it into No-Mouth Lake. Then I sent to Smith Bobson, at South Oyster Bay, and had him ship me 10 barrels of small oysters, little fellows no larger than marbles, and some of them the size of peas. I put them in the lake, at the mouth of the fresh water brooks. They have grown right along. Now I'm putting in some other salt water fish like clams and bluefish, and they'll grow, too. If I keep my lake just as salty as Oyster Bay, I know that any fish living in Oyster Bay will live here."

On arriving at the house, Mr. Powell gave us an oyster breakfast—raw oysters as good as Blue Points, broiled oysters on skewers; and fried oysters—all from his lake in the center of Michigan.—New England Farmer.

## If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

## WITH HIS OWN WEAPONS

"What are you thinking about, Maude? You have not spoken a word for five minutes. I can't say that you are remarkable entertaining this evening."

"Am I not? And do you really wish to know my thoughts?"

"Certainly I do."

"Very well, then. No woman is satisfied with a man's devotion, even if she knows it to be genuine, if he appears to slight her in the presence of others; and I think, my dear George, that I occupied the position of a slighted woman last evening, when you devoted yourself so openly to Clara Vaughan."

"I only danced with her three times," said George.

"And sat out three more with her," supplemented Maude, "while I, owing to the lack of men, was obliged to play the part of wall-flower. Do you think that was a pleasant position for an engaged young woman?"

"My dear child, how plainly you talk!" cried George, disconcerted by her frank appeal.

"Why not? Pique should not be allowed to interfere between lovers—you know pride's chickens are an expensive brood to keep. I confess that your conduct made me very unhappy. I was not jealous, remember—I have perfect faith in you; but I felt neglected and annoyed that you should give Clara the opportunity to triumph over me, even in semblance; for she delights in such victories—little coquette that she is!"

"Maude," said George, seeing his chance and improving it at once, only too glad to bolster up a weak cause, "I am surprised to see that you dislike Miss Vaughan. Why is it women never uphold each other? In my opinion she is a sweet girl, without an atom of coquetry about her."

"Then you have less discrimination than I gave you for possessing," rejoined Maude, quietly, though her deepening color showed that she resented his words.

"But we will not discuss Clara, if you please—I wish to talk of ourselves."

"What do you want me to do?" cried George, irritated at the cool way in which his attack was met. "Surely you would not tie me to your side every moment of the time?"

"Not one moment of it, sir, if it is your wish to be free!" haughtily exclaimed Maude, now really angry. "You can leave at once—I shall make no effort to detain you."

"What nonsense!" the young man rejoined, in a much humbler tone. "You know I could not live without you, Maude. But you are unreasonable; I can't promise never to speak to another girl, you know."

"Nor do I exact such a promise; only I wish others to see by your conduct that you have sworn allegiance to me. I am only a woman and have all a woman's vanity. George, suppose our positions had been reversed last evening; would you have liked to see me openly pleased with another man's attentions as you were with Clara?"

"Certainly I should," he answered, with an air of virtuous self-denial refreshing to see in "I would never interfere with your enjoyment in that way."

Maude looked deeply perplexed, and then faintly smiled.

"You are quite safe in saying that, because I do not believe there is another eligible man in the village. Which fact probably accounts," she added, with a sly laugh, "for Clara's absorption of you."

George bowed.

"Thanks for the compliment, Miss Arthur."

"Not at all."

Maude had the sweetest temper in the world, and her mood was fast gaining its wonted sunniness.

"Well, George, I won't scold any more, but we'll make a bargain; you can fire all you choose, give me equal liberty; are you agreed?"

"On one condition; that neither of us abuse the privilege."

"The umpires shall be our own consciences?"

"Yes."

"Then, my dear George, I'm afraid your career will be positively reckless!" Maude stood waiting for her lover, who was to escort her to a ball at Bedford Hall; and in her rose colored dress, with roses in her dark hair, looked pretty enough to woo a hermit from his seclusion.

George, who, despite his little predilection for flirting, was very much in love with the girl, was loud in his admiration of her appearance, and when the pair entered the hall together happiness had lent a new light to Maude's beautiful eyes.

Clara Vaughan, a charming little sylph in blue and silver, came tripping across the floor to meet them.

"Oh, Maude," she cried, when the first greetings were over, "who do you think is here—just returned from London?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," said Maude. "Another pretty girl?" asked George, looking admiringly into Clara's rather bold blue eyes.

"Pretty girl, indeed? As if I should be interested in her!" said Clara, in disdain. "No indeed—it's a handsome young man—none other than your old admirer, Maude—Stephen Black."

"Is it possible?" cried Maude, with a blush of undisguised pleasure. "Why, yes—there he is, sure enough! And how handsome he is looking."

"Humph! Women have strange ideas of beauty," grumbled George, by no means delighted with this turn of affairs.

"Oh, we don't expect you to see how charming he is," Clara flippantly answered; "it would be so natural under the circumstances. But Maude and I think differently. And oh! he's put his name on my card for three dances!"

And she flourished the bit of pasteboard triumph.

George stretched out his hand for it. "Is there room for my name there, Miss Clara?" he asked stiffly, not relishing her enthusiasm, and inclined to think that, after all, the "sweet girl" had considerable coquetry about her."

"I believe there are one or two dances

left," she answered, with an indifference which made Maude smile, remembering how different her reception of George's attentions had been on a former occasion. "You had better take what dances you wish before my card is filled," she said quietly, when her lover had returned Clara's card.

"Oh, I'll attend to that after the first dance," he answered; and in another moment they had taken their places on the floor.

Maude said nothing, but her quiet smile meant volumes.

George spoke little while dancing; he was nettled by the marked change in Clara's manner. He did not care a straw for the girl, but his vanity was wounded. He hurriedly watched her as she danced with Stephen Black—a singularly handsome man, he acknowledged to himself—and observed all her airs and graces—the very airs that she had employed to please him not long ago. The moment the dance was over, he seated Maude behind some friends, and rushed off to seek Clara, determined to divert her attention from this interloper. Clara, on the other hand, was bent on retaining Mr. Black by her side, and her chagrin could not be concealed, when he, glad of the pretext afforded by George's approach, bowed himself away and walked across the room to Maude.

Ten minutes after, when George, mercifully snubbed by Clara, disconsolately sought his betrothed, his smarting vanity needing the balm of her unwavering devotion, he found her talking gaily with Mr. Black, who made no effort to conceal his appreciation of her society. With easy grace she introduced the two gentlemen, who bowed stiffly to each other, then resumed her conversation, which consisted of old reminiscences in which George had no share; therefore he could take no part in their talk.

In one moment he had forgotten all about Clara and his petty annoyance on her account, while a pang of real jealousy seized his heart. For the first time in his knowledge of her he saw Maude entirely engrossed with another man, that man a former suitor, and his experience was not a pleasant one. He stood beside her for some time, waiting for a word or look; but she had seemingly forgotten his very existence. By-and-by he quietly touched her hand.

"Will you give me your card, Maude?" he asked as she looked around.

"Certainly," she smilingly answered; "but I am afraid all the dances are gone."

He looked at it without a word; as she said, there was not one left.

"I told you when we entered the room that you had better secure as many as you desired," she said, in answer to his look of reproach. And remembering this indifference, he could answer nothing.

That was the most miserable evening George Campbell ever spent. Maude, in the eyes of spirits, was so absorbed by Stephen Black that he had no opportunity to exchange more than half a dozen words with her during the entire evening. Nor was he the only sufferer; Clara Vaughan, always on the lookout for fresh conquests, had determined to secure Stephen's attention, and was made furious by his side for three consecutive minutes; her blandishments fell powerless on this man of the world, who knew every phase of a coquette's art, and thought Clara a rather clumsy workwoman, though she did very well for a village girl. Maude's simple frankness and absence of self-consciousness suited him far better, and he remained as much as possible by her side.

But Clara had determined upon one grand effort, and late in the evening proceeded to make it.

Mr. Black and Maude were still laughing and talking together in a corner of the ball-room. Near by stood George Campbell, his face dark with anger, when Clara came tripping towards him, her face wreathed with artificial smiles.

"Oh Mr. Campbell!" she cried, "I am in such a quandary! Uncle and aunt have gone home without me, and I have no escort; and it is so late!"

She paused, and looked appealingly—not at George, but Stephen, fully expecting that he would offer to do the escort duty. But he seemed blind and deaf to all but his companion, and George was forced to respond.

"I shall be glad to see you to your home, Miss Clara, if Miss Arthur will wait here until my return," he said slowly and reluctantly.

At this moment Stephen suddenly recovered sight and hearing.

"Allow me to relieve you of the care of Miss Arthur," he courteously said, turning to George. "I have a carriage below, and shall be delighted to take her home."



## OFF FOR BOYLAND.

Ho! Ho! aboard! A traveler  
Sails from boyland!  
Before my eyes comes a blur:  
A sailor's face and a girl's  
And try to smile off the go, go,  
My bonny, winsome boy!  
Yes, bonny, winsome boy!  
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh! tell me, have you heard of him?  
He wore a sailor's hat  
All silver-corded round the brim,  
And—stranger o'er than that—  
A wondrous suit of navy blue  
With pocket deep and wide;  
Oh! tell me, sailor, tell me true,  
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;  
"Twas but this very morn'  
He doffed his dainty, brodered blouse,  
With skirts of snowy lawn,  
And shook a mass of silken curls  
From off his sunny brow;  
They nestled him—so like a girl's!  
Mamma can have them now.

He owned a brand new pocket book,  
But that he could not find;  
A knife and string was all he took,  
What did he leave behind?  
A heap of books, with letters gay,  
And here and there a toy,  
I cannot pick them up to day,  
My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At boyhood's town  
Cast anchor strong and deep,  
What! Tears upon this little gown,  
Left for mamma to keep?  
Weep not, but smile; for through the air,  
A merry messenger flies,  
"Just tell it to the rag man there;  
I've done with baby things!"

## Where Old Rope Goes.

Pittsburg is known among makers of paper flour sacks, as one of the best points in the country for the sales of these modern holders of the raw material for the staff of life. "About ten thousand quarter-barrel sacks a day," said a well-informed manufacturer a few days ago, "is the number Pittsburg mills and others demand." In consequence of points from which raw material for making these bags comes, Pittsburg enjoys a peculiar advantage. The oil regions furnish the material, and every pound of flour that goes to the thousands hereabouts, (except flour in barrels,) is encased in what was once a big rope, from which hung a drill that sought for oil in the regions of petroleum.

A single firm of bag makers, and in fact the only one in this city, takes daily, 22,000 pounds of old rope from the oil regions, which powerful machinery up the Monongahela, converts into 10,000 pounds of paper per day. When oil is seventy-three cents per barrel, as is the case at present, old rope is rather plentiful than new, and when the sheriffs of Butler or Venango or McKean counties, have their neat little amusement notices tacked upon a derrick, three cents per pound for good rope and one and one-half cents for bad is quite an object. This rope is gathered and shipped by the car-load to this city, and at the mills is cleaned of oil and dirt, and then ground and otherwise changed in nature until it is mere yellow pulp. This becomes strong paper as it passes through the paper-making machine, and to-day a strip an inch wide was seen which held together in the rack of the testing machine until the indicator pointed at ninety-five pounds.

On the upper floors of a Pittsburg factory there is in daily operation a machine that makes as much noise as a corner politician, and takes a good deal more work. It does in paper from a roll after the manner of a Bullock printing press, and delivers a continuous stream of bags at the rate of two every second. A big colored man superintends this affair, and as the bags shoot out, a small procession of girls were ready to carry them to another ingenious machine, which folded and pasted the bottoms so as to make a double thickness of paper at this part. Then the bags are packed in great piles and pressed into compact bales for shipment to millers and others. A single Pittsburg mill will use 3,500 or 3,600 daily.

In fact, few sights are more familiar to modern eyes, than the paper sack of commerce, and since the war the paper sack has not only supplanted the cotton sack, but has largely taken the place of flour barrels. Whole car-loads of flour are sent out from the great mills of St. Louis and Minnesota to all parts of the country. Export flour, however, is sent away in barrels.

Apropos of flour sacks, an elderly, pleasant-faced gentleman was met in this city a few days ago, in the person of Benjamin Smith, of Canajoharie, N. Y., the pioneer in the paper flour sack industry. He said:

"In 1860 cotton advanced to such a price that a six-cent flour bag cost thirty-five cents, and something had to be thought of the older material. The most expert paper manufacturers couldn't supply me with paper that met the requirements. It would crack or tear. But at last, in 1862 or 1863, I got a Manila paper that would do, and in the latter year turned out the first flour sacks made of paper."

As showing the growth of the industry, Mr. Smith said that between 1860 and 1870, paper flour bags were made and sold at the rate of 60,000,000 per year, at an average price of from 80¢ to \$1.00 per 1,000, and during that period cotton sacks would have cost \$2.00 per 1,000. This was a saving of \$1,000,000. In the ten years between 1870 and 1880, the country took 100,000,000 paper flour sacks per year. One thousand paper flour bags have about the same bulk as an empty barrel, and can be shipped for about the same freight charges, but the 1,000 bags will hold 200 barrels of flour.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

## A Trade to Fall Back On.

"Is it not a mistake for a young man to learn a trade when he has no particular aptitude for it?" asked the professor.

"Yes sir, it is. The editor of the Mechanical Engineer sent me a paper the other day which said that all men ought to learn trades as a sort of crutch to lean on in case the riches they are inherited, or made in some other way, took wings. Now, it seems to me that a man who would write like that would be just the one to go and learn a trade with that end in view. Why shouldn't a man go and learn to be a professor, or an editor, or anything else to fall back on in case he sprung a leak financially? That's what I would like to know! It is curious how all these men who write about matters they have no acquaintance with, drop on a trade as a kind of bank they can draw a little support from when the bottom falls out of everything else. Suppose an American learned his trade 25 years ago by working two years? Mr. Professor, it isn't worth a cent, and the man who allows his son to fool away his time 'learning' a trade after that fashion, has no sense. I have been learning my trade all my life, or for 30 years, and I don't know much about it now. How much could a young man learn in two or three years? Just enough to show him that he did not know anything. The world moves some in 25 years, and the man who thinks a trade is a good thing to 'fall back on' will fall a long way before he fetches up on a living!"

"Mr. Professor, you assume the position of such a man, and go out doors and come in again, and ask me for a job, and I will show you the way this thing works. Hess and I will stand here, and be the bosses, and you be the broken down professional man 'falling back' on his trade. I'll show you how solid you'll fetch up."

I called Hess over, and I told him what the scheme was as the Professor went out, but he wouldn't have an active part in it, and said he thought it was a piece of foolishness all round—but I noticed he stood by, and grinned several times.

In came Prof. Rhombus, and walking up, stated his errand like a stranger.

"Want a job, do you?" said I. "Are you a machinist? (eyebing him sharply.) You don't look like one. Your clothes are too good, and your hands are too soft. Where did you work last?"

"Well, I haven't worked at the trade in some time, but I must have work; my family are starving."

"Where did you work last?" I asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, it was about 25 years ago," said the Professor.

"And you have never done anything at the trade since?"

"No, sir."

"How long did you work at it?"

"About two years and a half," said the Professor.

"And you say you are machinist on the strength of that experience? How much do you learn, and how much do you know now? Can you chip and file?"

"Not very well."

"Can you run a lathe on plain work?"

"I suppose I could after a little new experience with it; it is, as I told you, some time since I saw a lathe."

"Is there any machine tool you know better than a lathe?" Can you claim any acquaintance with the planer, or milling machine? Can you cut gears from turning the blank castings? What size should a blank be turned for a forty-tooth half-inch pitch gear? What is the diameter on the pitch line?"

"I do not know, but it seems to me as if you might find something for me to do. Among all this bustle there should be some post that I can fill with credit."

"My friend," I said to the suppositious candidate for a job, "you come and ask me for a machinist's job, and in the same breath you tell me you don't know anything about the business except what you learned from a few months at a quarter of a century ago! Now you must see yourself, that this is nonsense. You want a job you can't do! I would be glad to keep you if I knew how to, but it seems to me that cleaning casting is all you are fit for, and with that cough you have, you would live about four months at the job for the man who cleans castings eats a bushel of sand per day!"

"There," said I, "Mr. Professor, that's the way 'falling back on a trade' you never knew anything about works."

"I think your point is well taken, and thoroughly established," said the Professor; "and I wish more men looked at it in the same light."

"Well, what I said to you, sir, is what every man would say who wanted help. Learning a trade on paper and learning it in the shop are two different things and don't pull in the same harness. Any other trade than the machinist's is the same, for the methods in vogue in years gone by are not those of the present. Don't advise any boy to learn a trade in two years for the sake of falling back on it 25 years afterward."—The Mechanical Engineer.

How Agates are Cut.

The variety of quartz known as agate is a variegated chalcedony, with the color distributed in clouds, spots or concentric layers. The variety called moss agates occurs in veins, while the banded agate is found in the form of geodes or balls, and occasionally there will be found in the side of these

balls a sort of funnel through which was introduced the silicious matter forming the layers. Judging from the number of these agates to be seen one might be led into the error of supposing that they could be found almost anywhere along our shores, and as the prices at which they are sold are very low, it is evident that the cutting and polishing must be done in some country where labor is cheaper than here. However, the explanation is given when we are told that they are German agates, for although for a number of years comparatively few agates suitable for cutting have been found on German soil, yet we may safely say that, at the present time, nine-tenths of all the commercial agates are cut and polished at the mills of Oberstein. The chief source of agates now is South America, where, especially in Brazil, they occur in great numbers. They are shipped thence as ballast in vessels bound for Hamburg, and from this port are forwarded by rail to Oberstein, where they are sorted into lots, usually in the yard of some well known inn, and sold at auction. When purchased they are sent to the agate mills, where they are cut and polished on wheels turned by water power, though of late years steam has been introduced in a few of the mills.

Along the Idar river, between the towns of Idar and Oberstein, there were, in 1867, 133 mills, working 724 stones. Each mill contains from three to five stones, set on a horizontal axle, one end running outside the workshop and communicating with the water-wheel. The mill-stones are usually red sandstone, about five feet in diameter, and rotate in a vertical plane, the broad edge of the wheel being kept moist by a stream of water trickling down upon it from above. The choice agates are usually cut into shape by steel wheels and diamond powder. The common ones, however, are not sawn, but roughly dressed with hammer and chisel, the workmen acquiring, by long experience, great dexterity in applying their blows so as to obtain the desired fracture.

The grinding is done on the broad edge of the wheel, which is furrowed with channels corresponding in shape with the form which it is desired to give the object in hand. The agate is usually attached to a small stick, and thus applied to the moving wheel. Each stone accommodates two men, but these men, instead of sitting at the wheel, are stretched in an almost horizontal position upon a wooden stool made to fit the body. The limbs are thus left free, the hands holding the agate to the wheel, while the feet are strongly pressed against blocks of wood fastened to the floor. After being ground, the agates are polished on cylinders of hard wood, or on lead or zinc discs, fed with a mixture of Tripoli and water.

Many of the agates, beautiful as they are in nature, are artificially colored in the following manner: Having been well washed, they are placed in a syrup of honey and water, sometimes in olive oil; after this, they are exposed for some time to moderate heat in a vessel embedded in hot ashes, care being taken that the liquid does not boil. When removed, they are washed, placed in sulphuric acid, and exposed to gentle heat. After they have taken color they are again washed, and it is often the practice finally to lay them in a bath of oil, which improves the luster. Some layers of agate are quite porous, while others are dense and well-nigh impervious. When steeped in oil only the porous layers absorb the liquid, which, being deoxidized and blackened by the acid, makes the contrast between the layers more striking, thus enhancing greatly the beauty and value of the agate. Other colors are given by various processes; some, such as the reds, by simple exposure to heat; others by immersion in certain solutions; but these methods vary with the different lapidaries, and are more or less trade secrets.

The Use of Checks.

The following account, by Macaulay, of the first use of bank checks in England, was quoted by Mr. Knox in his address to the American Bankers' Association at its last meeting:

"In the reign of William old men were still living who could remember the days when there was not a single banking-house in the city of London. So late as the time of the Restoration every trader had his own box in his own house, and when an acceptance was presented him, told down the crowns and carolines on his own counter. But the increase of wealth had produced its natural effect—the subdivision of labor. Before the end of the reign of Charles the Second a new mode of paying and receiving money had come into fashion among the merchants of the capital. A class of agents arose whose office was to keep the cash of the commercial houses. This new branch of business naturally fell into the hands of the goldsmiths, who were accustomed to traffic largely in the precious metals, and who had vaults in which great masses of bullion could lie secure from fire and robbers. It was at the shops of the goldsmiths of Lombard street that all the payments in coin were made. Other traders gave and received nothing but paper. This great change did not take place without much opposition and clamor. Old fashioned merchants complained bitterly that a class of men who, thirty years before, had confined themselves to their proper functions, and had made a fair profit by embossing silver bowls and chargers, by setting jewels for fine ladies, and by selling pistoles and dollars to gentlemen setting

out for the Continent, had become the treasurers, and were fast becoming the masters, of the whole city. These usurers, it was said, played a hazard with what had been earned by the industry and hoarded by the thrift of other men. If the dice turned up well, the knave who kept the cash became an alderman; if they turned up ill, the dupe who furnished the cash became a bankrupt. On the other side, the convenience of the modern practice was set forth in animated language. The new system, it was said, saved both labor and money. Two clerks seated in one counting-house did what, under the old system, must have been done by twenty clerks in twenty different establishments. A goldsmith's note might be transferred ten times in a morning; and thus a hundred guineas, locked in his safe close to the Exchange, did what would formerly have required a thousand guineas, dispersed through many tills, some on Ludgate Hill, some in Austin Friars, and some in Tower street."

VARIETIES.

A TRAVELING clock maker made a circuit, having a hundred clocks when he started. They were all very bad, which he well knew, but "by soft sawder and human nature," as Sam Slick says, he contrived to sell ninety-nine of them, and reserved the last for his intended ruse. He went to the house where he had sold the first clock and said:

"Well, now, how does your clock go? Very well, I guess."

The answer was as he anticipated.

"No, very bad."

"Indeed! Well, I've found it out at last. You see, I had one clock to my boy, I know, a bad one, and I said to my boy, 'You put that clock aside, for it won't do to sell such an article. Well, the boy didn't mind, and left the clock with the others, and I found afterward that it had been sold somewhere. Mighty I made was, I can tell you, for I'm not a little particular about my credit. So I have asked here and there, everywhere almost, how my clock went and they all said 'they actually regulated the sun.' But I was determined to find out who had the bad clock, and I am most particularly glad that I have done it at last. Now, you see, I have but one clock left, a very superior article, worth a matter of ten shillings more than the other, and I must give it to you in exchange, and I'll cover charge you five shillings difference, as you have been annoyed with the bad article."

The man who had the bad article thought it better to pay five shillings more to have a good one. So the exchange was made and then the Yankee, proceeding with the clock, returned to the next house.

"Well, now, how does your clock go? Very well, I guess."

The same answer, the same story repeated, and another five shillings received in exchange. And thus did he go round exchanging clock for clock until he had received an extra five shillings for every one he had sold.

The following story is related of an immensely wealthy American in Europe, who had made his fortune suddenly, and as suddenly found out that it was the correct thing to have a coat of arms on his carriage. So he ordered a new carriage, and as the carriage was being made, he was a bit of a wag in his way, and took the old fellow's measure at a glance.

"What you want is a crest and a motto, sir," said he politely.

"I guess so."

He was requested to call next day and see the design, and promptly went.

The crest was a mailed arm holding a dagger—"something uncommon," the heraldy man said—and the motto, *Semper nobilis omnibus benignus*, which means, he explained, translating freely, "Always noble and kind to everybody." The old man was delighted.

"Now the latest style of printing mottoes," pursued the shoptan, "is initializing the words after the fashion of the old Roman mottoes. So I have had your mottoes, which are abbreviated into S. P. Q. B. Of course you like the words like that, sir?"

"Most assuredly," replied the living goldmine, and he forthwith ordered stamps of note paper, and envelopes to match, stamped luster, in gold and silver and every known hue. Well, he and his wife used the stationary a month or so, writing to every one they could think of, when one fine morning, while studying with more scrutiny than usual the beauty of the decoration, it suddenly dawned upon him that the caption of the sheet to which he had been daily and hourly affixing his valuable signature was nothing more or less than S. N. O. B.

There was a play in New York not long ago in which there was a kind of military parade introduced, and the leader of a file of soldiers had his instructions to march three times around the stage to martial music, and then file off at the left, the whole column of course, following him. After marching once around, the stage manager was surprised to the leader deliberately wheel and walk off the stage at the left, with the whole battalion following at his heels. The manager went to him and asked him shamefully for his haste, and told him he had a mind to discharge him; but the talented hack driver, who had overplayed himself by marching off the stage ahead of time, said:

"Well, confound it, you can discharge me if you want to, but what was a man to do? Would you have me march around three times more, my military pantaloons were coming off, and I knew it? Military pride, pomp, parade and circumstance are all right, but it can be overdone. A military squadron detached, or whatever it is, can make more of a parade, under certain circumstances, than is advertised. I ask you to put yourself in my place. When a man is paid \$3 a week to play a Roman soldier, would you have him play the Greek elate? No, sir; I guess I know what I'm hired to play, and I'm going to play it."—Larimore Boomerang.

THE BITTER BLIGHT.—"The other day a colored lady of standing, Mrs. Simpson, purchased a Gainesborough and visited Mrs. Fennel. It was evident that Mrs. Simpson possessed a few airs which she wished to display over Mrs. Fennel."

"My husband," said Mrs. Simpson, "wanted me to get a finer hat than this, but reflecting that twenty dollar bills in the bottom of the drawer was gotten easier to see like, I concluded to content myself with a five dollar hat."

"Well, yer was savin'," remarked Mrs. Fennel, and then, stepping to the door, exclaimed:

"Tidy, take dat \$1,000 bill away from dat chile. He tore up two yesterday. Dar ain't no sense in allowin' chillions to 'stroy money in dat way."

Mrs. Simpson retired, realizing that her hat was a failure.

SAID THE GILDED YOUTH.—"Yes, it's a mighty nice thing to be engaged to seven or eight girls. If you call on one and she fan't at home, you can go and see another, and if you find any other fellow present, why, he's got to give way to you. Get into trouble, breach of promise suits, etc., etc. Oh, no. When a girl gets to be troublesome, turn savagely on her and say:

"Fertigious woman, I know all! Denials and explanations are useless! I break our engagement!" That settles it. You can be dead sure she has been flirting with some fellow and she'll think you've discovered it, and either give the real facts of the proceedings away, trying to explain, or else say nothing and let you go. It's a dead sure thing every time."

"Did you see anything of a strange neighbor in your yard, this morning, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, yes, I did, Mr. Jones. There was a hen there that acted so strange among my young sons and daughters that I thought there must be something the matter with her, and so I concluded I'd try and cure her."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Well, I thought I'd try what effect setting her would have."

"Where you going to set her?"

"In a dripping pan first, and after that in the oven. Come over and assist at the inquest, won't you?"

Chaff.

The store maple sugar is now known as the oleomargarine of the forest.

Who can tell the dark secrets of a dairy? Why the pump-kn.

When is a horse like a business man in trouble? When he breaks.

Perhaps the reason why the voice of truth is so rarely heard is, because living in a well, she is apt to have a cold.

First passenger: "I travel third-class on purpose." Second affable ditto: "Do you, now? Well, I do it from want of principal."

"Ma, will my youngest brother always be younger than I am?" "Yes, darling."

"That'll be nice." "Why, lover, 'because, then, I can always lick him!"

A friend meeting Pat one day said: "Paddy, did you ever see the Queen?" "See the Queen, is it?" said Pat. "No; but I had an uncle that once very nearly saw the Duke of York."

Things one would wish to have expressed differently.—Musical Maiden: "I hope I am not boring you, playing so much." Enamored Youth: "Oh, no! Pray go on! I'd so much sooner hear you play than talk!"

"Chicago girls attend the opera in large numbers," says an exchange, which probably thinks it's giving news when everybody knows that Chicago girls couldn't get any numbers smaller than eights.—Boston Post.

"They tell me Brown has a great ear for music," said Henderson. "Yes," replied Fox, "I knew he had a great ear—two of them in fact; but I did not know they were for music. I suppose they were for brushing the dirt off the top of his head."

"Fred Dapper—to a big friend who does not dance much, and has been leaning against a light French paper all the evening—'Hello, Jack! what is all this white stuff on your shoulders and elbow?' Jack—rather mournfully—"I don't know, unless it's wall flour."

It was a mean man and a Chicago artist who announced the exhibition of a magnificent piece of sculpture: "The Old Farmer" and then when the deluded crowd paid their dimes and went into the hall, showed them a fine tooth comb of the vintage of 1859.

President Arthur's son tells the following story of his father's man-servant Aleck: Some one asked him: "Well, Aleck, how do you like Washington?" To which Aleck responded dramatically: "Oh, I'd rather be a yaler gas lamp in New York than the brightest electric light in Washington."

"Hi! Hullo! Stop there," shouted Sozzle as he ran along the sidewalk wildly gesticulating at a loaded Herdic. "That Herdic is full, sir," said a bystander. "Wa' of it!" said the old gentleman, sustaining himself with great dignity and a lamp-post; "sho'm I!"—Boston Bulletin.

"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little personage who was in company with a half a dozen gentlemen, "I protest you are so very small I did not see you before. Very likely," replied the little gentleman: "Am I like a silver shrike among six copper pennies—so not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

"Have you any fresh eggs?" "Yes, mum, plenty; them with the hen on 'em!" "Wi' the hen on them?" "Yes, mum, we always put a hen on our fresh eggs." "And you say 'em. Beg pardon, mum, don't think you understand. Hen the letter, not 'em the bird. Hen for noo-laid, mum. Take a dozen, mum? Thank you!"

"When I married," said Boggs to a party of gentlemen who had been bragging of the successful marriages they had made. "I got a fine house and lot." "And I gentlemen," exclaimed Mrs. Boggs, entering the room just in time to hear her husband's remark, "I got a flat, the top story of which has always remained vacant."

## AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.

I think that there is one thing of which the people of the United States ought to be thoroughly ashamed, and that is the way in which the trial of the Malley boys for the murder of poor Jennie Cramer has been conducted. It stirs up all the recent newspaper reports of the conduct of that case. For two men—they are too old in years as well as in sin to be called boys—on trial for the greatest crime known on the statute books, to sit in court with smiling faces, trim, smug, unconcerned, bantering jests with lawyers and witnesses as if the whole was a farce in which they had condescended to take a part, I call an insult to all women, an insult to the law under which they are arraigned, and an insult to Justice, who fortunately has banded eyes or she would blush for very shame. I don't know what sort of ladies these are whom the newspapers call such, and who send bouquets to these men, who if they did not murder an innocent girl are at least morally responsible for her death; who attend court in rich dresses and jewels, and brazenly sit by their presence expressing their sympathy and openly endorsing their crime. I think that if these are ladies, the rest of the sex will hereafter be willing to be called women. Why do not some of them rally round Blanche Douglas, who sits alone and friendless? Seems to me here is a lesson in social philosophy not hard to read.

ONE OF THE GARD.

Self-Reliance vs. Self-Assertion.

The Boston Traveler says, in *Le Beau Monde*, a column devoted to women's affairs:

"Self-reliance and self-assertion are by no means synonymous terms, though they are frequently applied in a miscellaneous interchange. The former is essential to any harmony of character, while the latter is destructive not only of individual dignity but of the unities of social life. The self-reliant person will be welcomed; the self-assertive ostracized as nearly as possible. As a usual thing the possession of one of these qualities quite crowds out the other. It is the woman of intelligence, of poise, of insight, who is self-reliant; it is one of petty impulses, conflicting impressions and trifling vanities who is self-assertive. It is the attribute that results from a disorderly rather than a disciplined mind. And so, when it is feared that the higher education, the broader life, the political information, now all opening to women will tend toward their demoralization so far as agreeable qualities go, the fear is utterly without foundation. It is the little learning, the half-way state, which is a dangerous thing, never the broad and sure outlook. Self-reliance is the inevitable result of a combination of the finer qualities of life. It recognizes the value of individuality in thought and expression, and its work is therefore a contribution of importance. Self-reliance is generous and has always something to spare above that absorbed by its own needs, while self-assertion is selfish and aims to absorb all things into itself, like a sheet of blotting-paper."

Useful Recipes.

BREAKFAST BISCUIT.—Biscuit made after the following recipe are excellent as an adjunct to the breakfast table: When baking bread take sufficient of the risen dough for a tin of light biscuit, to this add one large cup of sugar, a half cup of butter, nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice in quantities to suit the taste, two eggs and a cup of Zante currants washed and dried, or the same quantity of chopped raisins. Mould thoroughly, make into biscuit and let rise. When done, wet the tops with hot white sugar dissolved in as little water as possible.

APPLE PUDDING.—To a bowlful of risen bread dough take a quarter of a cup of butter, and a cup of sugar, mould and roll as biscuit dough. On this spread the whole quarters of stewed dried apples, without juice, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, cover with a crust of the prepared dough. Bake; and serve with cream and sugar, maple syrup, or a syrup made of melted white sugar flavored with vanilla.

COOKIES.—Lard, one cup; butter, half cup; one and a half cups sugar, four tablespoons cold water, four eggs, half a nutmeg, small teaspoonful soda, flour enough to make a soft dough, roll thin and sprinkle with fine sugar, roll down lightly, bake until firm. This makes a large baking, and they will keep a long time.—AARON'S WIFE.

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